

T H E

Tears of the Muses.

WHEN all the Attic Fire was fled,
 And all the Roman virtue dead,
 Poor Freedom lost her seat;
 The Gothic mantle spread a night
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light;
 The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander? what new shore
 Has yet a laurel left in store?
 To this blest isle they steer;
 Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
 Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,
 And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell;
 She calls thee now by me:
 Hark! her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,
 See! she receives a thousand wounds,
 If shielded not by thee!